

Good Morning 278

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Some Secrets of "Magic"

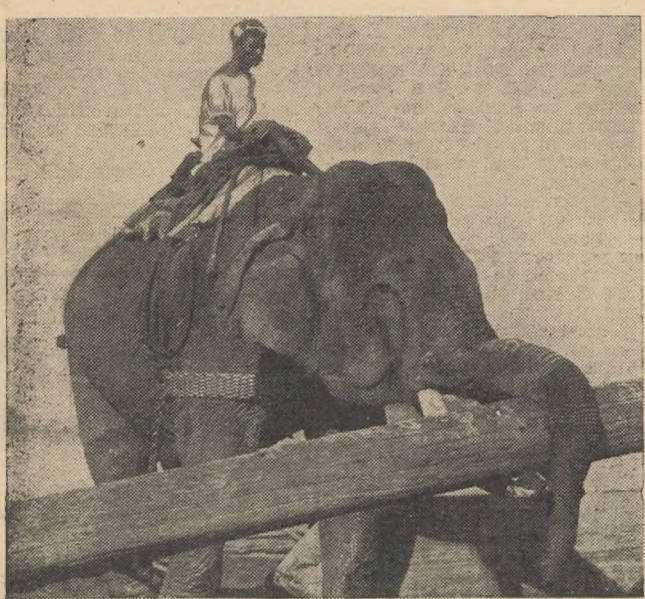
SEVENTEEN years ago, Houdini, the "handcuff king," died, taking with him the secret of his extraordinary power to free himself from almost every device used by the law to shackle its victims. Houdini could loose himself from a straight-jacket in full view of a large and gaping audience. Locksmiths and chain-makers would wind him up securely in chains and padlock the ends together, but to no purpose. Once he challenged prison authorities to lock him in a gaol cell, and as they walked away he opened the door and strolled out. Houdini was a world wonder. Yet most apparently incred-

By John Fleetwood

ible feats can be fairly simply explained—basket wizards, fire-eaters, sword-swallowers, and the rest. Practically all are the result of painstaking practice, clever deception, and the shrewd use of psychology. Magicians don't fool us because the hand is quicker than the eye; it is our own brain that betrays us. We see what we think we see. Ironically, the more attentively we watch, the more completely are we deceived. **WHAT THE EYE SEES—** Clever magicians make

countless uses of misdirection to fool the brain rather than the eye. For example, while the performer is talking he may put both hands in his coat pockets. It's a natural enough gesture, and the audience gets so used to it that when the trickster takes something from one pocket nobody pays any attention. Had he pocketed one hand only, he would at once have aroused suspicion. Similarly, a magician may pick up his wand because he wants surreptitiously to lay down something else. By centring your attention on some unimportant object he prevents you from observing the key movements that would disclose his trick. A magician, off-stage, once handed me a small empty wooden box. To convince me that it had no false compartments he took it all apart. Then he fitted the pieces together again and asked me to examine the box. It was full of bonbons! "If I had merely shown you an empty box," he explained, "I should have had no excuse for handling it, and then how could I have filled it?" What had happened, of course, was that while fitting the parts together he had deliberately kept my logical mind intent on the construction of the box, thus making me the victim of misdirection. **IT'S EASIER AND EASIER.** A magician swiftly follows up one stunt with another, and each successive trick makes the onlookers progressively easier meat. Why? Because an audience in a state of baffled amazement is psychologically easier prey for the next deception. "All right," you say, "what about Eastern magic? There's more in that than mere trickery." But there isn't—much. Oriental magic differs from the home brand only in method, though it sometimes includes, in varying measure, a kind of mass hypnosis. For example, few people have claimed to have seen the so-called rope trick. One theory is that at a certain point the magician induces "collective hallucination" in the onlookers. If during the operation you, an onlooker, should be disturbed by a dog or some person outside the hypnotic in-

fluence, the spell would be broken, and you would see nothing—except the two men, trickster and medium, in normal positions. Mostly, magicians of the East are able to perform only tricks similar to those you may see any day of the week in the West. The only real difference is their Eastern flavour. Why not try a few tricks yourself? With practice and patience several can be performed before an audience of admiring friends. **EXPAND AND EXPIRE.** Get two fellows to bind you with about thirty feet of rope, tying the ends securely. Then have yourself put behind a screen or removed to an adjoining room. In a few minutes you should be able to make a dramatic reappearance—unfettered. How done? Simple. While you are being bound, expand your chest to the limit—unnoticeably, of course—sustaining it the while you converse naturally with your gauders. When you retire you must at once reverse the proceeding, contracting to the opposite extreme. This loosens the fetters about your chest. Wriggle and squirm until the coils all work themselves loose enough for you to get at the knots. As you gain in proficiency you can mystify the boys still further by inviting them to truss you to a chair. Escape by the same process is equally easy. One of Houdini's specialities was to free himself from a pair of handcuffs. He claimed that no pair was made from which he could not get free. In fact, he would surprise everybody by reappearing not only with his hands at liberty, but with the steel wristbands unlocked. This feat was one of Houdini's very own. It is possible, however, for some people to free their hands from the "bracelets" by the simple expedient of compressing the ball of the thumb towards the palm of the hand, and thus contracting the whole hand sufficiently to push the band off with the fingers of the other hand. The second imprisoned limb can then be freed quite easily. It is the few with the unusual hands and joints who can manage it. The most difficult part of the trick is to borrow the pair of cuffs.



Elephants are "Left-handed"

THEY have been watching elephants, gorillas, and other dwellers of the plains and jungle; and they have come to the conclusion that elephants are left-handed, just like some human beings. Frank Buck, the famous hunter, who "brought them back alive," was one of the first to notice this peculiarity. He explained that the reason elephants, halfway through their siesta, rise up and lie down on the other side, is that they naturally work to the left. Wynant Hubbard, equally famous as a hunter, declares the same thing. He goes further, and adds that in working elephants in India, Burma and elsewhere he has noticed that most of them are left-tusked. When it is a matter of heavy work to be done the elephants start in with their left tusks first. There is a belief, by the way, that the left side of a pig is more tender because it scratches itself less with the left hind leg and the muscles are not so strong. Knowing this, it is a common advertisement in a Chicago restaurant that the firm provides "left ham sand-

Says Alfred Rhodes

wiches." It is all according to scientific discovery. Frank Buck observed that when a gorilla came in to attack it always used its left arm. The average gorilla's left arm is slightly longer than its right. Haig Thomas, who knows most things about the beasts of the Arctic, says that a polar bear always uses its left paw for cases where sheer strength is needed. He has seen a polar bear draw a seal out of a hole in the ice with its left paw only. The Eskimos in Greenland and in the Far North, when interrogated, said they had never seen a right-handed bear. It was always left. It looks, indeed, as if Man is the only animal who is naturally right-handed. Nobody knows why. It is, of course, known that muscular movements are controlled by nerve centres on the opposite side of the brain, but why should man's left side of his brain be more active than his right? It is a mystery.

Professor Parker, of Harvard University, has shown that if a trout loses an eye, the opposite side of its body turns dark, as in a blind fish, although the injured side grows normally. It is the same with stags. If a stag gets a leg broken through some accident, the horns on the opposite side of its head will be stunted. And here is a strange thing, discovered by long observation. The sperm whale has an asymmetrical head and ribs, and has only a single spout hole on the left side of its "snout." The other nostril does not operate; and when the whale gets into a huddle and annoyed it always swims to the left in circles. Racecourses are so arranged that the horses run on a left-turning circle.

The problem of left-handedness has never been satisfactorily explained; but it is believed by those who have studied the problem that most left-handed people are good mechanics and most right-handed people are in their natural "bent" as inventors, pianists, jugglers and technicians. Why is it that most people carry parcels in their right hand? And why do most people, on entering a bus, automatically go to the left for a seat? Anyway, science has found names for these peculiarities. To be right-handed you are using what science calls "dextrality." To be left-handed you are using "sinistrality." Maybe that doesn't help much.

DICK GORDON Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO

I WENT with Ron Richards to see Jack Buchanan's "It's Time to Dance" at London's Lyric Theatre, mainly to convince him that the Windmill was not the only haven of beauties in this Empire's capital.

Not surprisingly, I won my bet, and Joan Eddowes, in the shape of a slinky South American honey, was the added weight that put the balance in my favour.

Joan and her sister started in the chorus of this show; now the other sister is playing with E.N.S.A. in the East and Joan has a big spot all to herself.

This young lady has something that makes you look and go on looking; true, she doesn't wear very much, but she has something else, too.

Jack Buchanan gives off plenty of Jack Buchanan, and Elsie Randolph gets her man.

There is a ballet scene and plenty of whisky in the bar, and for the low-brows the "Wedding March" is jived.

Of course, fat Fred Emney gets most of the laughs, and the very pretty chorus get the looks.

"Rhythm College," "Marihuana," and "Yankee Doodle Comes to Town," are a trio out of ten scorchy tunes played by George Windeatt and his orchestra.

In all, a snappy, enjoyable show.



dignity as she could muster, toured the deck on the arm of the British officer.

"ENGLISH Without Tears," recently completed at Denham Studios, is something new in English film comedy. It is an Anatole de Grunwald-Two Cities production, and in charge of production are Sydney Box and William Sassoon, with Harold French directing the film.

The story is gay and sparkling, it has topical interest, a double romance, exquisite settings, lovely clothes, and, what is most important of all, witty dialogue in the modern comedy manner. "English Without Tears" was written by Anatole de Grunwald and Terence Rattigan.

A NEWS brief from M.G.M. says that Katharine Hepburn will sing in Chinese for a scene in "Dragon Seed," in which she portrays Jade, leading feminine character in the Pearl Buck best-seller. Title of the Chinese folk-song, when translated, is "The Narcissus." As all dialogue of "Dragon Seed" will be in English, Director Jack Conway at first wanted Katharine to sing a translation of the lullaby. But the English words just didn't suit the tempo of the Oriental music, so Katharine is now studying the Chinese version.

And a Paramount report says Paulette Goddard will portray an expert shipyard welder in her latest Paramount picture, "When I Come Back," now being produced and directed by Mark Sandrich, with Sonny Tufts as co-star.

For three days Paulette Goddard studied welding technique at the Kaiser shipyards in California.

This new production marks the second time Miss Goddard and Tufts have been teamed. They were seen together in "So Proudly We Hail," in which Tufts made his screen debut.

A MITE of a girl, freckled, hair piled atop her head, and clad in a pair of faded denim shorts, created a mild sensation when she visited the crew of a British P.T. boat anchored in Long Island Sound. She was Judy Garland, who made an unofficial appearance for the British Navy—in her bare feet!

Free for one day from her heavy camp-tour schedule, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star had gone sailing with some friends. There were two youngsters, aged eight and twelve, in the party. They spent the day heckling Judy. They tripped her, tossed her overboard, ducked her in the water, and Judy says she never had as much fun in all her life.

Late in the afternoon the boat pulled into the harbour. Judy was greeted at the dock by Captain David Melvin, commanding officer of a British P.T. boat. He asked her if she would please come aboard and say hello to his boys.

"In my bare feet!" cried Judy. "I look more like Huckleberry Finn than a movie star, but let's go!"

So Judy, with as much

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Continuing "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" By R. L. Stevenson

HE WAS IN DEADLY PERIL

SNARE or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here Denis de Beaulieu was prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life.

Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening toward the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway.

He stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings.

Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway, and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail.

Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit.

He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark.

He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors, one on each of three sides; all similarly curtained with tapestry.

The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimneypiece, carved with the arms of the Maletroits. Denis recognised the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands.

The room was strongly illuminated, but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two; the hearth was innocent of fire, and the pavement was but sparsely strewn with rushes, clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs

Wealth lost, something lost; honour lost, much lost; courage lost, all lost.
Goethe.

JANE



crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall.

His countenance had a strongly masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal and dangerous.

QUIZ for today

1. A merle is a part of a sewing-machine, dance-step, bird, weaver's beam, small basket, insect?
2. Who wrote (a) English Journey, (b) Journey to the Western Islands?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Mrs. Gamp, Betsey Prig, Mrs. Micawber, Becky Sharp, Mrs. Bardell, Little Nell?
4. In what game is a "cheese" used?
5. What is the difference between Francis and Frances?
6. Which is the fastest known bird, and its speed?
7. Which of the following words are mis-spelt: Caravel, Absorbant, Cervical, Absorptive, Corbell, Corruscate?
8. What game do you associate with Joe Davis?
9. Where do tailless cats come from?
10. Whose neck was like the swan?
11. What are the "Proms"?
12. Name four painters whose names begin with R.

Answers to Quiz in No. 277

1. Fish.
2. (a) R. L. Stevenson (also, Ben Johnson), (b) H. M. Tomlinson.
3. The Evening News is an evening paper; others are mornings.
4. Across the Sands of Dee.
5. Duke of Abercorn.
6. George III.
7. Campanile, Chameleon.
8. Le Steers (U.S.A.), 6 feet 11 inches, 1941.
9. Knight of the Garter.
10. St. Am.
11. Violin.
12. (a) Pound-foolish, (b) Little wool.

The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression.

Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and moustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence



of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Maletroit hand was famous.

It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshy and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness.

It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded in his lap like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intense and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks. Such was Alain, Sire de Maletroit. Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Maletroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head.

Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow.

And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he

could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit, but, for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main

point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door—" he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; and when it touches our honour, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but, believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no question between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only—"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him.

Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit.

It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction.

This state of matters became rapidly insupportable, and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Maletroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat," and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden, harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

(To be continued.)

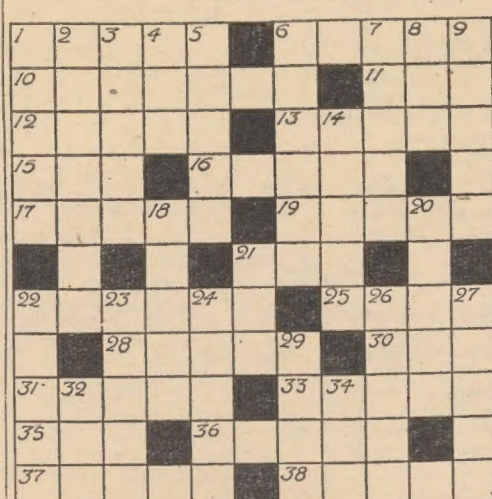
USELESS EUSTACE



That's nothing! You ought to have seen the one I dreamed of on fire-watch last night!

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Push.



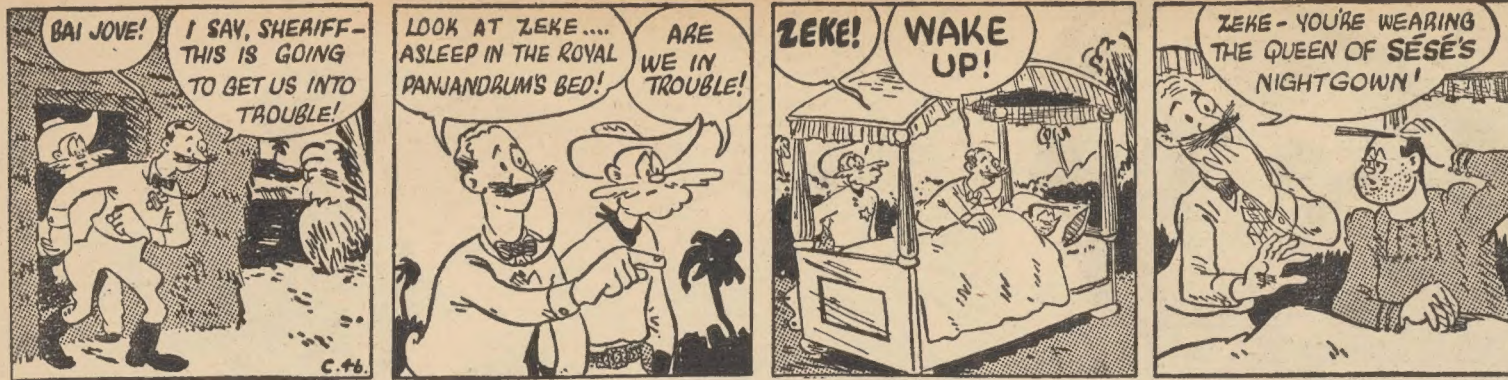
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Jet of liquid.
- 2 Ropes.
- 3 Projecting window.
- 4 Vehicle.
- 5 Borders.
- 6 Home duty.
- 7 Plant.
- 8 Card.
- 9 Wheel attachments.
- 14 School book.
- 18 Girl's name.
- 20 Water-bird.
- 21 Enclave.
- 22 Passage.
- 23 Pottery.
- 24 Vocal piece.
- 26 Open.
- 27 Vegetable.
- 29 Newts.
- 32 Impost.
- 34 Anger.

- 2 Great success.
- 10 Apparent contradiction.
- 11 Cold.
- 12 Dew.
- 13 Purvey food.
- 15 Custom.
- 16 Girl's name.
- 17 Relates.
- 19 Swings round.
- 21 Climbing plant.
- 22 Take for granted.
- 25 Soap froth.
- 28 Tending.
- 30 Fresh.
- 31 Furry animal.
- 33 Character.
- 35 Young person.
- 36 Additional.
- 37 News.
- 38 Durable fabric.

GIRL LAPP S
IDEAL WREAK
LISP FLANGE
DOTS WEEP
EMOLUMENTS
D R R A T R W
PAPERCHASE
MATE HATED
UNITED LING
SEVEN CLOSE
K ERAS ONES

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



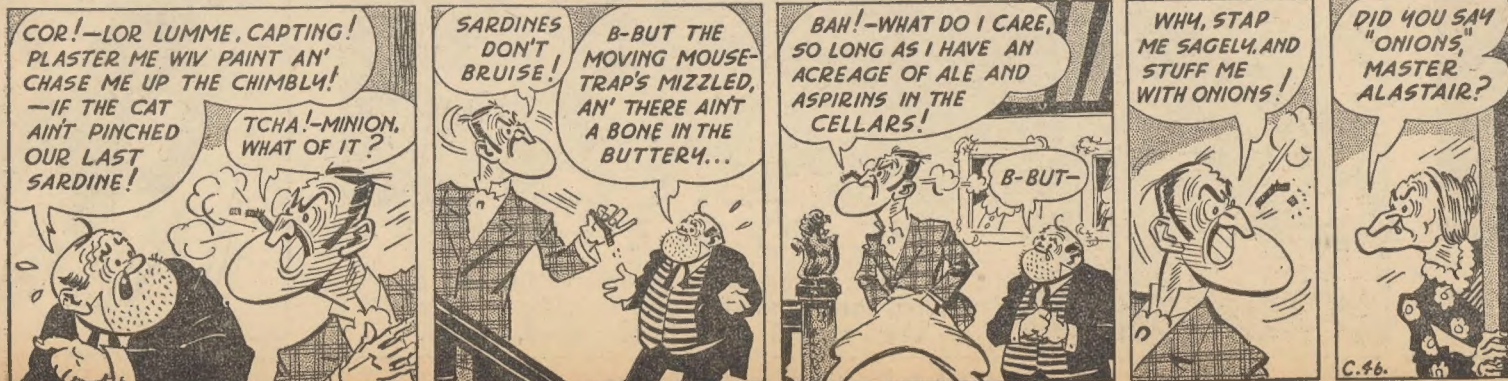
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 24

By John Allen

MIDDLESBRO'

MIDDLESBROUGH are justly proud of an honour no other club in the Football League can share. They are the only professional side once to win the Amateur Cup. The Borough first won the amateur trophy in 1895, and again in 1898—but before this honour went their way the team experienced several ups and downs.

The formation of the Middlesbrough club was first broached at a tripe supper held by big-wigs of the town in 1877. They said it would be a good thing for a prosperous town to have a good team, so Middlesbrough F.C. was formed. After a time they decided to become a professional organisation, but the sides they played were too good for them, so eventually they returned to the amateur game.

Soon a fine side, composed of local lads, was built up. It carried everything successfully before it, with the result that the professional teams began to make bids for the players' services.

So, to protect themselves, Middlesbrough turned once more into a professional organisation and continued to play on what had once been the local archery ground. In 1903 they moved to their present enclosure, Ayresome Park.

Two years later they startled the football world by paying the first four-figure transfer fee, £1,000 to Sunderland for the services of Alf. Common.

Other teams said that such a thing could never happen again, but we know better to-day!

Since then Middlesbrough have won promotion, been relegated, and experienced hard times. But always have they made a splendid "come-back" and proved among the best footballing sides.

Among the truly great players who have worn their red and white shirts are Andy Wilson, Tom Griffiths, George Cammell, and the present international full-back, Joe Hardwick.

When Andy Wilson came back from the last war with one of his hands shattered, few people expected he would again figure in top-class football. But he did—and became one of the greatest forwards the game has ever known. Later, after giving Middlesbrough and Scotland great service, he journeyed South to play for, and captain, Chelsea.

Andy is even to-day regarded as a model player—and it is noticed that most of the men he coached are to-day of international class.

He was succeeded by George Cammell, holder of the League goal-scoring record until Dixie Dean set up a new one. In 1926-27 Cammell notched 57 Second Division goals.

One of his most amusing goals came when playing for England against Belgium. Jack Crayston, Arsenal's right-half, threw the ball into the Belgian penalty-area and Cammell, running around to shake off the opposing centre-half, felt the ball hit his head. The next moment he heard cheering. The ball had flashed off his head into the net!

It is well known in football that Middlesbrough have always had a crack centre-forward. When Cammell began to slow down, a young local lad, Mickie Fenton, was brought into the side. Within a very short time he, too, had gained an England cap.

Young players are prominent in Middlesbrough's team to-day, for the Board realises that it is Youth who will determine the future destiny of the club. With such men as Mickie Fenton to mould these lads, and Cammell still around to pass on his experience, in the post-war football world Middlesbrough once again are going to be a power.



**Good
Morning**

**PICK YOUR
PIN-UP!**



And it will be a lucky pick-up if you select beautiful Ellen Drew, popular star of Paramount.

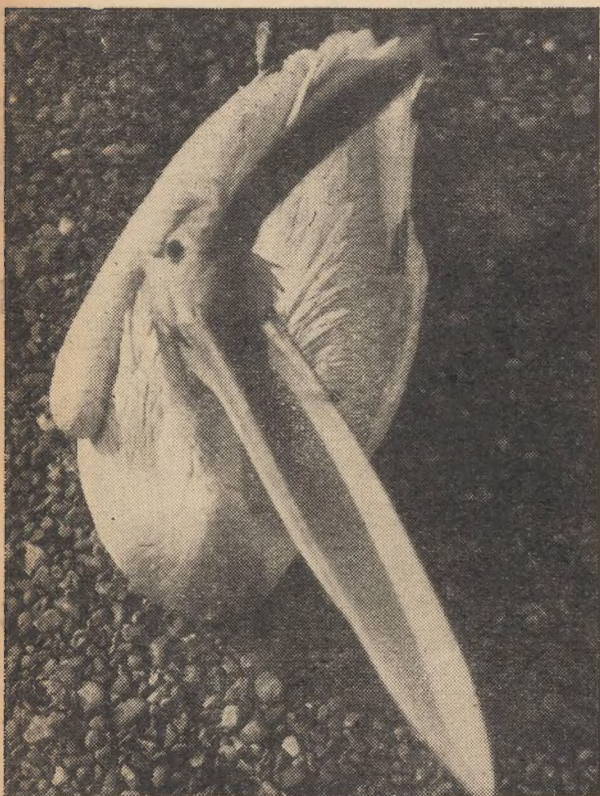


"Well! I could have sworn that I caught something; yet all I have in the net are a few grains of sand!"



This England

When the tide goes out, queer things are left in the pools and crevices. Beach-combing is great fun. A scene in the harbour, St. Ives, Cornwall.



"Even yawning is a bore. Why, I even have to rest one jaw on the ground to halve the strain."



TWO TO ONE AGAINST

And the odds are a bit more than he can chew, too. One already has its back up, and the other doesn't look scared, either.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

